

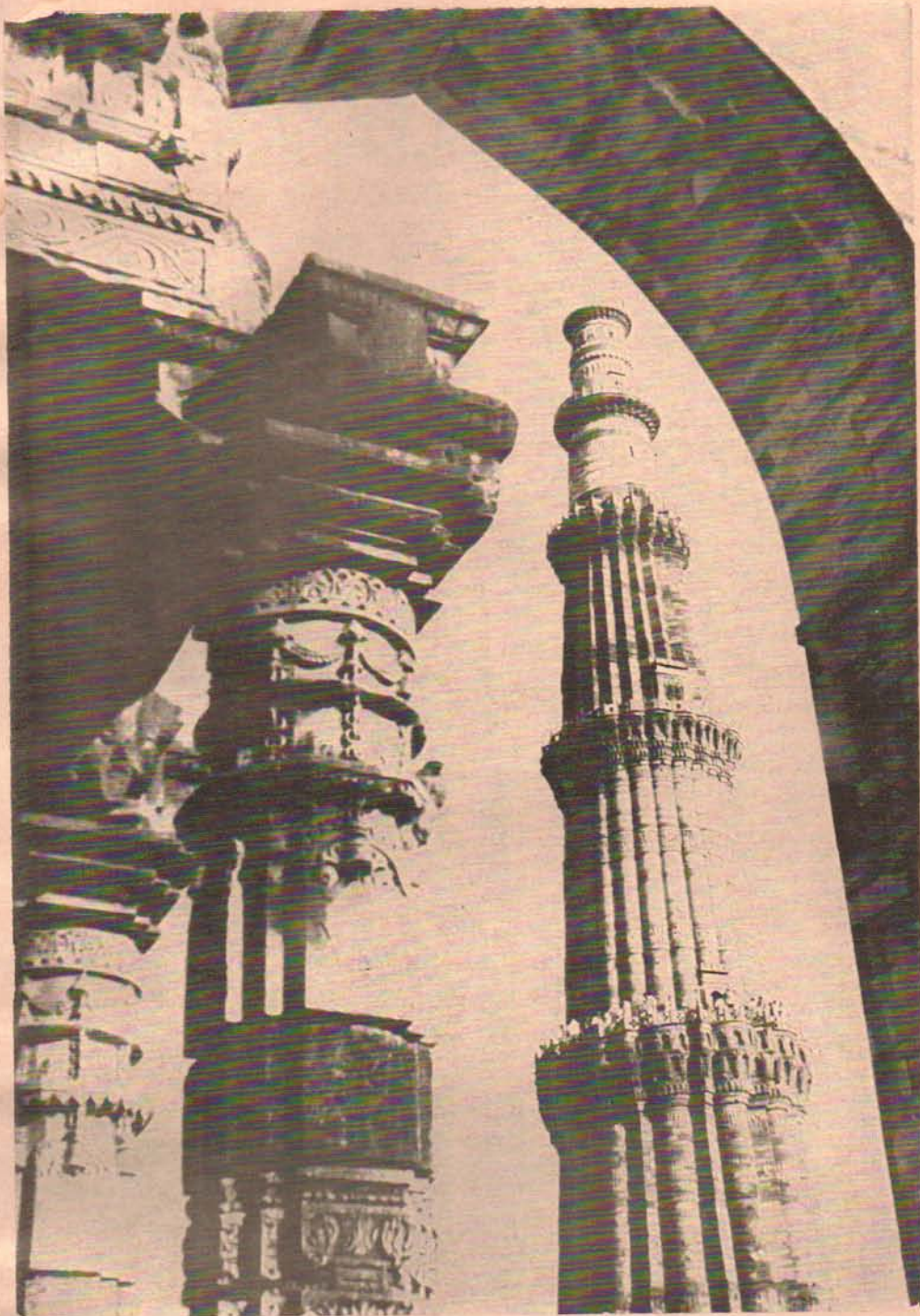


# *Ex-CBI Roundup*

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

**APRIL  
1965**





QUTB MINAR, sometimes called the world's most perfect tower, as seen through nearby archway. Tower is located near New Delhi. (1964 Roundup photo)

# EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA • BURMA • INDIA

Vol. 20, No. 4

April, 1965

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer

Editor

SECOND CLASS postage paid at Laurens, Iowa.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$3.00 per Year Foreign: \$4.00 per Year  
\$5.50 Two Years \$7.00 Two Years

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!

Direct All Correspondence to

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa 50554

## Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● As this issue goes to press, Dr. Gordon Seagrave is reported to be critically ill at his jungle hospital high in the hills of northern Burma. His illness, identified as "congestive heart failure," became worse on his 68th birthday. Two sons, Sterling and John, have flown from the United States to his bedside at Namhkan, 800 miles north of Rangoon and five miles from the border of Red China.

● Cover picture shows an officer of the X Forces from Burma, shaking hands with an officer of the Y Forces from China at Kaoling Pass, the border line between Burma and China. This U.S. Army photo was taken in September 1944.

● It seems odd to see fighting in India over the English language, but that's just what is happening. English was a link between states, used in every part of the country. Now that Hindi has been named the official language, the non-Hindi speaking people are extremely unhappy about the situation. We're willing to wager that English will continue to be used throughout India for many years.

● Planning your 1965 vacation? Be sure to include the CBI reunion to be held August 4-7 at Houston, Texas. Your entire family can count on having a wonderful time. And perhaps this is the year for the BIG vacation trip—back to India. Join Ex-CBI Roundup's 1965 "Return to India" tour in October for a vacation you'll never forget!

● Subscribers are still forgetting to notify us of address changes, and are missing issues of Ex-CBI Roundup as a result. Please let us know when you move!

APRIL, 1965



## 96th Fighter Control

● Recently discovered that you are publishing Ex-CBI Roundup. I was chagrined at missing out on much of the previous issues, but was determined not to miss any more. Incidentally, my old outfit—the 96th Fighter Control Squadron—is holding a reunion Aug. 12 to 14 at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Any old timers from the 96th are invited to contact me.

IRVING LICHTENSTEIN,  
37 Capri Drive,  
Roslyn, N.Y.

## Served at Chabau

● Was with the 6th Base Post Office on detached service at Chabua, Assam, APO 487. Am now working in McGill Club and have met many CBIers, of which none had heard of the magazine until I told them.

NORMAN LINNELL,  
McGill, Nevada



JUGGLER entertains at Tinsukia, Assam, for small audience. Photo by Dallas H. Wilson, Jr.

# China War Waif

● In the December 1964 issue of Ex-CBI Roundup the colorful and moving story, "China War Waif Is Bride," undoubtedly caught the eye of all the magazine readers. The story stated that the baby girl was left by Chisari in Kunming in a German Lutheran orphanage. I figure this must have been the Kunming Blind Girls School presided over by Sister Anna Mueller. General Chennault became acquainted and familiar with the plight of this Lutheran school when early in the war he was neighbor to it and both were bombed out by a Japanese air raid. He told the Kunming Masonic Club of this school as an excellent place for the Masons to center their charitable efforts while in Kunming. It was in this way that I learned of the school, as after the Mars Task Force was moved to Kunming I commenced attending the monthly Masonic suppers at the Red Cross Club. I was serving as battalion supply officer for the first battalion of the 475th Infantry and in Kunming it was our job to re-equip and re-clothe the battalion. Instead of taking the salvage herringbone twills and wools and khakis to the Kunming salvage dump, we took ours to the Kunming Blind Girls School. We had an informal organization in battalion supply headquarters and the sergeant and his assistants remained always on the lookout for salvageable items which were suitable for hauling out to the school. Then one of the Mars force company commanders came over to Chinese Combat Command headquarters regularly to eat with me in the extraordinary mess at that headquarters. After taking him with me to visit the school one day he was deeply impressed, just as I was. Thereafter we kept the school supplied with atabrine tablets



SIGN on China-Burma border at Wanting, telling about first convoy on the Ledo Road. Photo by Roy Pieratt.

while we were stationed in Kunming. Sometime last year there was a reference to Sister Anna in Roundup but I had missed the earlier issue which apparently had a story about her. I wonder if she ever got out of China and is still living.

HOWARD MACY,  
Lynnville, Iowa

## Welcome an Increase

● Ex-CBI Roundup continues to get better all the time. In my work at the post office, I have seen many magazines come and go. Many are 50 per cent paid ads, and still fold up.

How you can continue to put out "our" magazine for so little ruppia, I do not know! I, for one, will welcome an increase in price rather than see Roundup go under. Everything connected to the printing trade has had price advances in 1964 and more are expected in '65. The average citizen has little knowledge of the cost of every material that is used in a printing establishment. Cuts to reproduce pictures cost a pretty penny. And of course, labor costs! And your own time!

CLYDE H. COWAN,  
Seattle, Wash.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



CEMENT MIXER at Fatehpur Sikri, India. Ingredients are placed in a circular trough and mixed by bullock-drawn stone wheel. Photo by A. W. Freshman, M.D.

#### Chinese New Year

● The welcome to the Year of the Serpent 4663 was climaxed Saturday evening, Feb. 13, with another spectacular Chinese New Year parade in San Francisco. The two-mile parade route was lined with more than 300,000. Twenty-four persons formed the General Sliney Basha unit. Competing under the classification of "Best Chinese Novelty Unit," the basha failed to win any of the awards but was honored in other ways. The color guard and unit were placed in second position at the head of the all-Chinese division of the parade. The unit was one of the two non-Chinese units given the privilege of passing through San Francisco's Chinatown itself. This is certainly one of the CBI veterans' finest hours. The applause and the noticed tears in the eyes of the Chinese elders make the basha's efforts all worth while. These Chinese elders shall never forget the efforts of the American GI in their homeland during World War II. Then there is the laughter of the Chinese tots as their mothers are busy explaining the various "Chinese characters" in the basha's unit. These are all

moments that make the CBI people sentimental favorites in Old Chinatown. Any of the following who made the long trip to San Francisco for the 1965 event will surely agree: From Houston, Tex., came National Commander Douglas Runk and "Miss Kitty;" from Darien, Conn., Bob Van Sant; from San Diego, Calif., Junior Vice Commander South "Pop" Steele; and for the third year Bob Rowe and Pete Queturas have driven some 250 miles round trip to take part. For many

years John C. Young has served as parade co-chairman for the Chinese Chamber of Commerce. John Young deserves the admiration of all Ex-CBI "hands" for the fine work he does each year on this great civic project. From the time of National Commander Runk's arrival at the new Hilton Hotel until the Runks' departure on Monday, it was a "ding hao" weekend for all CBIVA members who celebrated "Gung Hay Fat Choy" with the basha.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,  
San Francisco, Calif.

#### Enjoys Roundup

● Words cannot express the enjoyment I receive in reading Ex-CBI Roundup.

ROBERT D. THOMAS,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

#### 758th Railway Bn.

● Was with the 758th Railway Shop Battalion in India. Am now chief chemist with Safeways Stores, Inc., in their dairy and egg division quality control and research laboratory. We enjoy Ex-CBI Roundup very much.

JOHN A. BANTLY,  
Oakland, Calif.



SOLDIER looks over merchandise in shop at Dibrugarh, Assam, near the U.S. air base at Chabua. Photo by C. J. Sloanaker.

# CBlers Return to India

By NEIL MAURER

The tour last October sponsored by Ex-CBI Roundup was, as the name implies, primarily a "Return to India."

It was an opportunity to go back, after 20 years, to a strange and interesting land where we had served in World War II, and to take our wives with us. It was, of course, the highlight of the trip. Several articles about it have appeared in the last four issues of Roundup.

Worthy of mention, also, were our visits to Amsterdam and Rome.

Our first stop, only a few hours out of New York via KLM Royal Dutch Airlines jet, was Amsterdam. Here we spent a couple enjoyable days, living in a comfortable hotel on the bank of one of the city's 50 canals, eating delicious Dutch food, and visiting places of interest. These included a diamond firm, art galleries with some of the world's greatest paintings, the flower market, a cheese factory, and both old and new parts of the city. Our guide was an attractive young lady whose long name had been shortened to "Katy."

Away from the city we traveled through dairy country to the quaint fishing village of Vollandam, then went by boat to the Isle of Marken. In both of these places we found Dutch people still wearing the traditional wooden shoes and native costumes of years gone by.

En route from Amsterdam to Calcutta we made brief stops at Frankfurt, Germany; Cairo, Egypt; Dhara, Saudi Arabia; and Karachi, Pakistan. After our visit to India we traveled to Rome via Karachi; Abadan, Iraq; and Cairo.

Anyone who goes abroad should visit Rome, one of the most beautiful and interesting cities in the world. You could spend days sightseeing in religious Rome, ancient Rome, modern Rome . . . we saw everything it was possible to see during the time we were there. Our hotel next to the old Roman wall was conveniently located for good dining, sightseeing and shopping.

Our group broke up in Rome, with most members going on to various parts of Europe for an additional week. There are plans for a get-together of the 1964 "Return to India" party at Houston in August, during the annual CBIVA reunion.

Now plans have been made for a 1965 "Return to India" tour, especially for those who wanted to go last year but were unable to make it. This will include

most of the places visited in 1964 with some changes and additions. The group will leave New York City via KLM jet on Friday, October 1, and will return to the U.S.A. October 23. Once again, however, those who wish to do so may stay an additional six days in Europe with no additional air fare.

If there is any possibility that you may be able to make it, we suggest you contact Ex-CBI Roundup or write D. W. Keyes, Vincennes Travel Service, 405 Main Street, Vincennes, Ind. This is a trip you will never forget!

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## EX-CBI ROUNDUP

P. O. Box 125  
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ANNUAL Chinese New Year's parade in San Francisco in February again drew a good representation of CBLers, with entry of Gen. George W. Sliney Basha of CBIVA. At upper left are National Commander Douglas "Digger" Runk and his wife, Frances "Miss Kitty," ready for parade to start. At lower left is "Chinese Coolie" Ray Kirkpatrick. At right are (top) head of the huge Chinese dragon "resting" in parade formation area; (center) Basha Color Guard members Ken Bixby, Pete Quetaras, Tom McCurdy, Gene Golobic and Joel Springer; and (bottom) "Kitty" Runk, Ila Kidd, Ole Olsen, Steve Rowe (in back), Mary Kirkpatrick and Len Langland, with Grace Mullen, Trudy Quetaras, Bob Van Sant and Mae Bissell kneeling. (Photos by Joel Springer 3rd).

# War Crimes Trials in Shanghai

By **HARRY M. MANSER**  
Colonel (USA-Ret.)

Little, if anything, is known of the war crime trials held in the Ward Road Jail in Shanghai during the first half of 1946. Although the trials were attended by a large number of correspondents, including Americans, little news seemed to reach the American newspapers. This was due, without a doubt, to the lack of sensationalism in comparison with the trials held in Germany and Japan.

A military commission to try war crime cases was appointed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to function in Germany, Japan and China. The commission appointed for China was composed of the following: Brig. Gen. John W. Middleton, chairman; Col. Allen R. Springer and Col. Edward F. Rector, both of the Air Force; and Col. Antonio L. Gado and Col. Harry M. Manser of the ground forces.

The trial judge advocate was Lt. Col. Willis A. West, assisted by Major Monaco and Captain Gilliard, all of the Judge Advocate General Department, China Theater. The officers appointed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to defend the prisoners in the commission's first case were Lt. Col. Edward M. Hudgens and Major Maurice

Levin, also JAG officers of the China Theater.

All of the officers had served in the China-Burma-India Theater for over two years.

The first case to come before the commission was the trial of 18 Japanese, all members of the 34th Japanese Army stationed at Hankow, accused by the United States Government of brutally torturing and executing three Americans in Hankow in December of 1944, without cause or trial. The case was known as the "Hankow Atrocity Case." The three Americans were airmen, a lieutenant and two sergeants, crew members of a B-29 bomber which made a crash landing near Hankow after bombing that city. No special pleas were made by the defense, although they were granted the right to do so at a later date, if necessary.

The evidence produced the following facts: the Americans were humiliatingly paraded through the streets of Hankow and were jeered at and beaten with bamboo sticks until they were half dead. When the parade was over, the Americans were taken back to their cells but were found to be in such condition that recovery was impossible. It was then decided to take them to the crematory and dis-



APPEARING before military commission is Lt. Col. Matsura, whose testimony clinched the conviction of Japanese on trial for cremation of three American airmen who crashed after Hankow bombing.

pose of them, so that the final whereabouts of these men would never be known.

In order to work the Chinese into a highly emotional state, Japanese soldiers were dressed in Chinese clothes and made speeches and attacks upon the Americans, egging the local populace on to join them in the brutal beatings and insults. In their speeches they stressed that if the Americans were such good friends of the Chinese, why did they bomb their cities and kill them.

The decision to cremate the Americans was made by the Commanding General of the 34th Japanese Army, General Kaburagi, and the Commanding Officer of the Military Police, Colonel Fukumoto. The Americans, now being half dead, were taken to the crematory site and strangled with a rope until life seemed to be gone. They were then turned over to the local Chinese men that operated the crematory, namely, Sung Wan Ching and Yang Teh Yao, who were told to throw the ashes of the cremated into a nearby body of water. This the Chinese men did not do, but they did put the ashes into a tin box and buried it in the ground, thinking that possibly, some day, they would have the opportunity to tell their story to the Americans.

When the war was over, these Chinese men reported their story to the American headquarters in Hankow. An investigation was immediately started. The Japanese Army had been demobilized and all personnel was either in Hankow or Shanghai awaiting repatriation and it

was not difficult to find all those involved in this atrocious case. The two men who operated the crematory had personal knowledge of the entire affair and knew the individuals by sight.

Evidence brought out at the trial clearly substantiated all the facts. However, one of the most cruel things brought to light was the fact that after the men had been strangled, and before being put into the ovens, there was no medical officer or doctor present to definitely state that the men were actually dead.

Another damaging piece of evidence was the decision of Lt. Col. Matsura, Assistant Chief of Staff of the Japanese 34th Army, to become a witness for the prosecution. To save his "neck" he established, without a doubt, all the facts that were presented by the prosecution and sounded the death knell for his fellow comrades-in-arms.

The trial lasted 14 days. It was difficult for the Chinese military to understand the American way of justice. They kept saying, daily, "let us try them, we will have the trial and execution all in one day." Chief Prosecutor West took seven days to present evidence against the 18 accused, and Colonel Hudgens and Major Levin paraded the defendants to the stand for seven days to refute prosecution claims.

One of the dramatic highlights of the hearing was "cry-baby" (as he was nicknamed at the trial) Hisamatsu's bizarre tale of the Japs kneeling by the light of the oven fires and praying for the souls of the deceased Americans.

Major General Masataka Kaburagi and



U.S. MILITARY COMMISSION appointed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to try war crimes of Japanese in China included Colonels Antonio L. Gado, Allen R. Springer, John W. Middleton, Edward F. Rector and Harry M. Manser.

four non-commissioned officers were sentenced to hang for this "hate" parade and murder of the three American fliers. The 12 other defendants were sentenced to serve 18 months to life. One, a civilian, was acquitted.

Other atrocity cases were brought before this commission before it was relieved in May of 1946. The commission had to remain as it was appointed because of the

necessity of recall, should the reviewing authority find some points had to be clarified to their satisfaction, or additional evidence be required. The case as tried was approved by this higher authority and the sentences carried out as prescribed.

Another commission was appointed to try additional cases.



**A TREASURY OF CHINESE LITERATURE.** Translated and edited by Ch'u Chai and Winberg Chai. Appleton-Century, New York. March 1965. \$8.95.

A volume of 45 newly translated selections of prose, including fiction and drama from the rich store of Chinese writing, from before Confucius to modern China.

**THE AGELESS CHINESE.** By Dun J. Li. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, N.Y. February, 1965. \$8.95.

An illustrated book that surveys the total history of China through centuries of dynastic and cultural change. The lucid explanations of customs, thought and language are invaluable aids to the understanding of China's political, economic and cultural life.

**BUDDHISM OR COMMUNISM: Which holds the Future of Asia?** By Ernest Benz. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y. March 1964. \$4.50.

A brief summary of the contemporary revitalization of Buddhism in Burma, Ceylon, Vietnam, Laos, India and Japan, ecumenical tendencies in modern Buddhism, and the strength of Buddhism as a political force, as well as its intellectual and artistic influence. The author comments on the ways in which Communism has tried to use Buddhism as a tool, and the comparable strengths of Communism and Buddhism in Asia.

**JUMP TO THE LAND OF GOD.** By Lt. Col. William Boyd Sinclair. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. March 1964. \$6.95.

This book is of special interest to Ex-CBI Roundup readers; until 1962 the author edited this book review column. A former staff member and editor of the original CBI Roundup, he also served in China with the 12th Air Service Group,

14th Air Force. He has been a Texas newsman; is now chief administrative officer for the Texas Selective Service. Many of his articles about World War II in the CBI area have appeared in Roundup—these include "Mules on the Marco Polo Trail," "Running on Time in a Timeless Land," "High Wires and Deep Cables," "Valuable as a Company of Men," "Over the Hump," "Sleep Quietly, Brothers," and "A Message From Garcia."

Sinclair's new book is the true story of five Americans, members of the crew of a cargo plane based at Jorhat, India, who were lost in a storm en route back to their base from Kunming, China. With their radio dead, the airmen strayed over Tibet and became the first to fly over the Holy City of Lhasa. When their fuel supply ran out, they jumped into the black of night. Fifty-one days later they returned to Jorhat—in the meantime they experienced what was probably the most fantastic adventure of the CBI theater.

This is a book that any CBier will enjoy. It is a fine blend of the possible and the incredible—a most interesting account of an unexpected visit to a strange land and strange people.

**CHINA AND THE BOMB.** By Morton H. Halperin. Frederick A. Praeger, New York, N.Y. March 1965. \$4.95.

The author attempts to answer such questions as how China will use the bomb, what U.S. policy should be, etc. This is the first book to show how China came to detonate a nuclear device, what role the U.S.S.R. played, and why the U.S. responded as it did.

**THAT DANCE OF SHIVA and Other Tales From India.** Translated by Oron Ghosh. Signet Classic (New American Library). March 1965. Paperback, 75c.

A large collection of stories from ancient India covering the period from 1800 B.C. to A.D. 1200. They are arranged in seven sections: love and adventure stories, myths and legends, epics, philosophical stories, stories about Buddha, animal stories and other stories, with each section preceded by a short introduction. The translation is in modern English; the stories themselves have the stilted style of fairy tales.

# Some Changes In Red China

*(Communist China is parting the Bamboo Curtain enough to allow some non-Communist tourists from Western countries into the country for carefully supervised visits. Harold S. Williams, an Australian businessman, was one such tourist. With business activities in the Orient that extend over more than four decades, he is in a rare position of being able to compare the old China with the new.)*

By HAROLD S. WILLIAMS  
Written For UPI

Life along the road to Peking seemed much as it had been before the revolution.

The padded garments of the farmers, their coats of goatskin with fur inside, the mud houses and the burial mounds in the fields are all there as for decades before.

The farmers' carts, loaded with straw and reeds, still are being drawn by Manchurian ponies and donkeys. The only difference is that the solid wooden wheels have given way to rubber tired wheels from old motor cars.

There has been some amendment of the commune system. It still extends to the main crops, but not now to the lesser crops grown in the smaller fields around the villages.

Farm animals once again are privately owned, and sold much as they were in the days before the "liberation."

The road to Peking is good. Except when passing other vehicles, we traveled at 50 to 60 miles an hour most of the way. Apart from buses and occasional military vehicles there was little traffic.

The Chin Chow Hotel where we stayed in Peking is a post revolution building of six stories, with a large and well-furnished foyer and lounge, suitable enough, but not on a par with Western standards. It was adequately heated. The rooms are large with high ceilings and equipped with private toilets and showers. The plumbing fixtures, like most of the other equipment we saw, did not appear destined for a long life, but maybe we were looking for faults.

The food is fair, and better than we have had in some more pretentious dining rooms. However, the napkins and the silverware, like the plumbing were of poor quality.

Our guide pointed out to us—quite needlessly because no one can miss seeing them—the blocks of apartment houses for the workers. They stretch along the streets in every direction. Whatever else

the peoples republic may have given, or failed to give to the workers, they have given—and are still giving—substantial housing in Peking.

Photography is permitted, but normally films must be developed before being taken out.

A chauffeur and a guide accompanied us everywhere. No attempt was made to chisel on expenses.

Our guide frequently informed us that China wants to be friends with all countries, and yet seemingly he did not want us to meet the people. When we attempted to talk to anybody he would wave them off. We were herded from point to point and rarely left unattended.

Rail travel by a foreigner in China is not possible without a permit. It is unlikely that permits can be obtained unless traveling on an approved tour with a guide from one of the national travel services.

Incidentally, train toilet doors are locked before trains draw into each station so the neighborhoods of the stations shall not be contaminated. It is something one comes to expect in Communist China, where quite obviously a gigantic effort is being made to raise health and hygiene standards to a high level.

The Post Office Department has doubled the charge for notifying us when a copy of Ex-CBI Roundup is undeliverable as addressed.

In addition, your copy of the magazine is delayed or may never reach you.

Help us—and help yourself—by notifying us PROMPTLY when your address is changed.

**Ex-CBI Roundup**  
P. O. Box 125    Laurens, Iowa

# CBI and CBlers in the News

Twenty years have passed, but newspaper columnists still find CBI and CBlers good copy.

Either because it was an interesting theater or because it had more than its share of interesting personalities, CBI continues to attract attention. Perhaps it is a combination of both of these reasons.

There are still scores of good CBI stories that haven't been told; many of these will no doubt provide copy for years to come. And as long as they live, CBlers will continue to make news. This month we received clippings of special interest about individuals.

**Paul Speegle of the San Francisco Call Bulletin, a top drama critic in the Bay Area, had this comment:**

**ADD O'BRIEN:** In yesterday's account of my interview with Pat O'Brien, I ran out of space before I could comment on the silver bracelet he wears around his right wrist.

Lest you jump to the wrong conclusion, it is made out of the aluminum plating of a Japanese zero, and was presented to him by the troops in the China-Burma-Indian theater of war for having entertained them, under fire, during World War II.

"It was known as the C-B-I theater," recalled O'Brien, "but the boys over there claimed that the initials stood for 'Confusion Beyond Imagination.'"

**Drew Pearson, in his "Washington Merry-Go-Round" column of the New York Post, told about the illness of a "grand old man" of CBI, and of arrangements for his son's visit:**

An unreported human drama took place last weekend at the White House. President Johnson learned that Dr. Gordon Seagrave, the famed Burma surgeon, might be dying and that his son couldn't raise enough money to fly to his bedside in Burma.

Sterling Seagrave, after receiving a cable that his father had collapsed, could scrape up only enough money for a one-way ticket. Burma won't admit a visitor who hasn't the means to pay his way home.

In desperation, the son appealed to the State Dept. for the possibility of government transportation, but its bureaucrats seemed more concerned about red tape than a mission of mercy. No one wanted to waive the regulations against free

transportation for non-government civilians.

As a last hope, Seagrave tried the White House. He described his problem to McGeorge Bundy's office, which tried to arrange transportation for him at the Pentagon.

The Burma surgeon, a fourth-generation American missionary who studied medicine at John Hopkins University, has devoted his life to helping people. But no one at the Defense Dept. wanted to stick his neck out.

Finally, Bundy called the problem to the President's attention. Without hesitation, Johnson overruled the bureaucrats.

**Clipped from the Pittsburgh Press is an item from the "Potomac Patter" of Seth Kantor, Scripps-Howard staff writer, that involves two CBlers:**

Air Force Magazine has come up with a magnificent, previously untold episode in the life of the just retired Chief of Staff Gen. Curtis LeMay.

When General LeMay took over the 20th Bomber Command in mid-1944, in India, he found a terrible lack of detailed information available to him on supplies, consumption-rate and fighting power in the command.

The general radioed Washington asking that an expert on statistics be flown to him immediately. A bright young captain was sent.

The captain, who was just on loan to General LeMay, did such a masterful job, the general promoted him to major and then to lieutenant colonel though he hardly had the required jurisdiction.

Soon Washington requested that the captain be returned. General LeMay cabled back that the lieutenant colonel was needed in India. At the Pentagon they thought General LeMay had made an error about the man's rank.

In a fiery exchange of cables, General LeMay let them know he made no mistake. They reluctantly let the promotion stand but ordered Lt. Colonel Robert S. McNamara to return.

General LeMay in more recent times has not so greatly rated Defense Secretary McNamara's "Whiz Kids" talents.

**Changing Your Address?**

**Notify Roundup!**

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



News dispatches from recent issues  
of *The Calcutta Statesman*

**JAIPUR**—The number of illiterate people in India rose by over 50 per cent during the period from 1951 to 1961. According to a panel set up by the Government of India to determine standards of literacy among industrial workers, the number of illiterates in the country was estimated to be about 200 million in 1951. By 1961, it had increased to more than 330 million. Another interesting finding of the panel was that while the population rose by 21.4 per cent from 1951 to 1961, the rate of literacy increased by only 7.1 per cent during the same period.

**CALCUTTA**—Dum Dum airport's new international wing, now under construction, is expected to be ready for use by the middle of 1966. Actual work on the project started in 1961, and piling the foundation alone took about two years. Similar work on the foundation of the nine-storeyed air traffic control building is now in progress. When the extension of the runways and construction of the new terminal building and other ancillary structures is complete, the airport will be in a position to handle a much greater volume of traffic and bigger transport aircraft than at present. It will also be possible to operate aircraft on two runways simultaneously, if necessary. Dum Dum airport handled more than 300,000 passengers in 1963-64. Domestic traffic is on the increase.

**AMBRELL**—A Gir lion and its mate were taken from a well near Dalkhania village by Forest Department workers who dropped an iron cage into the well. The two lions had been pursuing an ox, which jumped into the well in an attempt to escape. The lions jumped after it and killed it inside the well, then were unable to escape.

**JAMNAGAR**—An eight-foot-long leopard walked into the office of the State Bank of Saurashtra at Okha, 100 miles from here, and mauled three employees before it was ultimately shot. The bank's staff and customers fled in panic as the animal strolled around the office premises. When it entered an empty room, a man slammed the door and called police. The leopard was killed.

**KATHMANDU**—King Mahendra of Nepal recently opened the Indian Industrial Exhibition here ushering in a new era

of economic relations between the two traditionally friendly neighbors. The exhibition, which is spread over an area of 32,000 square feet, is the first of its kind to be held by India in a neighboring country. It is also the first exhibition of its kind and magnitude to be held in Kathmandu by any country.

**SHILLONG**—Natural gas will soon be available for domestic consumption and industrial use in the urban areas of Assam. Oil India Limited has approved a plan to supply low-pressure gas from Noonmati refinery on a commercial scale. The gas can be used for cooking and other domestic purposes in Shillong, Gauhati, Tezpur, Nowgong and elsewhere.

**CALCUTTA**—A rough survey of those owning large landed property in Calcutta shows that there are about 30 people each paying more than Rs 10,000 quarterly in municipal taxes. This means the municipal valuation of the property of each of these people is about Rs 40,00,000. According to municipal valuation, half a dozen people own property worth Rs 1 crore each. There is one person at least whose property is valued at more than Rs 3 crores.

**CALCUTTA**—If recent statistics are any indication, it seems that West Germans have started liking Indian coffee. Imports of Indian coffee into West Germany during the half year ended September, 1964, were valued at Rs 89 lakhs, against Rs 89 lakhs in the whole of 1963-64.

**ALLAHABAD**—Nearly 100,000 people had a dip in the holy waters of the rivers Ganga and Jamuna here on the occasion of Pous Purnima—the second principal bathing day of the month-long Magh Mela.

**DELHI**—The Delhi police recently seized several match boxes which contained foodgrains instead of match sticks. The seizure was made on the Delhi-U.P. border. When the match boxes were emptied the police found 60 kg. of flour and atta each and 10 kg. of suji inside them. A case of smuggling was registered against the owner.

**BANGALORE**—A small bungalow in Bangalore serves to perpetuate the memory of Sir Winston Churchill's stay in India as an officer of Queen Victoria's Fourth Hussars toward the end of the last century. In his memoirs, "My Early Life," Sir Winston says that it was while he was staying in this house with two other young army officers during the winter of 1896-97 that he developed a desire for learning and made a departure from his "indifferent, untidy, bad and very bad, school days."

# New Delhi's Homeless Thousands

By CYRIL DUNN  
London Observer

NEW DELHI—Here in the old walled city of the moguls there are perhaps 10,000 peasants with no more shelter than a stray dog might find.

Most of them are bazaar coolies, rickshaw pullers, shoeshine boys—the thin people who hawk their trivial labor daily for small change.

This is a dormitory for men. After midnight there is not a woman to be seen. Wives, when they exist, have been left behind in villages as far away as Kerala or Bengal.

Most of the year these homeless provoke no angry helpless questions in the Delhi Parliament, as they are doing now. But now a cold wave has overtaken the capital.

In a city better known for its brutal heat, winds blowing down from the ice-bound Himalayas have sent the night temperature hovering about freezing point and people are dying of it.

There are a few night shelters run by charity, domestic and foreign. The unhappy city has just rushed in with the usual posthumous "crash program" to provide more. The councillors are trying to divert the usual belated public anger towards other objects. This failing, they have said that people sleep in the street because they prefer it.

Having just had a cold night's walk around the city, it seems to me the city is being contradicted by its own success. For a start, it has given the homeless most of the town hall. This was designed long ago by the British for much grander purposes.

But now each night every marble tread of the staircase is clogged with sleeping men. They sleep on the sills of high windowless arches. They cover the floor and the platform of the great Durbar hall, prone and motionless, wrapped overall in municipal blankets. It looks like the aftermath of a massacre, the end of an ill-starred rebellion.

On main streets the sleepers lie close to the roots of the wall. Some lie straight and rigid, wrapped tight as in gravecloths. Others sleep upright in the slack crouch of pre-historic burial. They look dead already.

When, mercilessly, you shake these bundles awake you never know what will emerge. Once it was a leper, with blunt hands. From another came an old white-bearded Sikh who said he had been sleeping there nightly for 17 years, ever since

partition ruined him and killed his spirit.

But most of those who struggled back to the chill surface were alert and laconic. "Sleep in a shelter?" said one. "Not me. In those places they kick you out of bed at five in the morning." And with that this hedonist snuggled back into the concrete—and freedom.

Indian charity is still apt to be in our late Victorian phase of primness towards the poor. The kind lady who runs the whole scheme said, "Smoking we don't allow. Drinking we don't allow. Coming in late we don't allow."

Thousands of the homeless accept these disciplines—the old, the humble, the hopeful, and those like the shoeshine boy of 18 who had a brother of 12 to care for.

But besides these there is a ragged army of the free. Most of them live round Red Fountain Square, where the lights still shine over the tea stalls after midnight for the sake of late customers from the dancing halls and the cheap cinemas.

Here the street people sit in tight circles round their brief fires, smoking thin cigarettes, some of them mildly drunk on country liquor. In the firelight their lean medieval faces glitter and look impish.

They have lived in close-knit communities for years along the same range of shop fronts and would not think of losing what each of them calls "my place" for the sake of a few warm nights in a shelter.

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# Tales of CBI

BY CLYDE H. COWAN

## THE INDIAN VERSIONS OF THE U.S.O. CAMP SHOWS

In the early spring of 1945, this chronicler was a yardbird at a staging area we called the "Polo Grounds" near Chabua, awaiting transportation over the "Hump." The population of the camp was down to less than a dozen, including the cook and his helper.

While billeted here it was my pleasure to be a guest at a nearby Indian Army camp and watch the performance of a "Native Theatrical." This bit of stagecraft was the Indian counterpart of our own U.S.O. camp shows.

On arrival at the local H.Q. of the "Black Bull" Regiment of the Assam Rifles, Sgt. John Roth and I were greeted by the English-speaking commanding officer. Obviously educated in Great Britain, our Anglo-Indian host proved to be a man of great charm and spoke with an Oxford accent. He personally escorted us to the open air "music hall" which consisted of no more than a 20-foot square platform and two Coleman-type lanterns.

The audience of some hundred spectators was already seated comfortably on the ground. Two of these Indian Sepoys were dispatched to an adjacent warehouse and returned, each carrying a chair for us Yanks. Our swarthy comrades-in-arms were cordial and neighborly, in spite of the language barrier.

Some little difficulty was encountered when one of the lanterns developed a sputtering complex, but as curtain time drew near, it settled down to a steady source of illumination.

For the sake of brevity, the play was a contemporary comedy, but the plot could have dated back to the Stone Age. Unknowingly, Sergeant Roth and I were to have non-speaking parts in that "one night stand."

A Bengali warrior returned from the North African Campaign to his modest basha near Calcutta and finds a couple of American G.I. shoes in his living room. That, dear reader, is the basis of much farce, pathos, pantomime and other assorted dramatics. The small cast of two thespians on the stage was given plenty of competition by that silent and mysterious pair of Government Issue Brogans.

With an expression of surprise and dismay, the battle-weary serviceman shifted the scope of his optics from the strange footwear to the audience. His gaze came

to rest on the two Americans, and when this disillusioned hero muttered to himself in a stage whisper, the native soldiers were convulsed with laughter. We were part of the show, it seemed!

Neither of us could understand any of the words that were enunciated on the stage, but there was no speculation as to what it was all about.

At first the better half appeared to be ignoring her husband's questions regarding the shoes and countered with "Where have you been since leaving the military?," or "Who was the memsahib I saw you with, on the street?"

He evaded her interrogation with such trite remarks as "So the shoe salesman forgot his samples" or "So now you are a merchant of used goods!"

That seemed to me to be the trend of the dialogue and perhaps I was right, but she finally came up with a satisfactory explanation about the presence of the footwear. The crowd applauded and being part of the show, we arose to our feet. Then my friend and I received a big hand from the actors and soldiers.

To our surprise, an enlisted man who had been sitting close at hand translated the final line of the play for us. It was "Dear husband, a thief was being pursued by the police and to get rid of the evidence, he threw these shoes in our open window."

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# How To Beat Japs In China

BY MAJ. H. S. MAZET, USMCR

*From June 1943 Issue of Flying*

"I got my Distinguished Flying Cross the other day—have two more on the way, with two air medals—so I am liable to feel either very conceited or very lucky. My score now is 12; all confirmed. And six probables. These are all aerial victories, but take it from me I'd rather destroy them in the air any day than to have to strafe them in lines on the enemy fields when we must fly down through the Jap machine gun and rifle fire. They are bound to hit us once in a while. One time my oil line was shot away and I just got back home, with the gauge hovering around zero for the last 20 miles."

There you have fighting over China as it was just a short time ago, direct from one of America's aces, Col. Robert L. Scott, Jr., recently returned from leading the Blank Pursuit Group, 14th Air Force.

He was chosen for this task by Gen. Claire L. Chennault, former commanding officer of the immortal Flying Tigers, and Scott proved that the choice was no fluke.

Scotty celebrated his 34th birthday by hopping the Atlantic in a Boeing Flying Fortress en route to India and then ferried a Curtiss Tomahawk fighter into Northern Assam, India, where he began operating as a one-man, one-plane American pursuit force over Burma.

For two weeks he strafed Japanese ground forces in lone-wolf flights, and won a Silver Star for destroying a Jap plane and two supply trucks near Myitkyina. Four days later he knocked out a Jap antiaircraft battery near Lashio. Three times in one afternoon he attacked the Myitkyina air base, hitting the runway with a 500 pound bomb each time.

Alone, he raided Homalin on the Chidwin River four times in one day and, according to British accounts, Jap casualties that day ran into the hundreds. As second in command of the U.S. Army Air Forces on the Assam-Burma-China relay he shuttled almost daily over the "worst air route in the world" and at the Chinese terminus would jump into the cockpit of a Tomahawk borrowed from General Chennault, and join sorties with the AVG, during one of which a train and railroad sidings at Hanoi, Indo-China, were destroyed. Most of the AVG casualties were suffered in strafing missions of this kind, but in none of his raids did Colonel Scott suffer a scratch.

As a result of his aerial activities dur-

ing May, 1942 (for continued bravery and exceptional gallantry over the enemy lines) he was recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross and corresponding Chinese decoration. Part of the citation reads: "He has made repeated flights in unarmed transports carrying explosives and other vitally needed supplies to Chinese troops. With these maximum loads of highly inflammable materials, he has been subjected to repeated enemy operation. These flights were made over extremely dangerous mountain terrain and through hazardous flying weather. In fighter and transports, he has flown a total of 214 hours during the month."

Two hundred and fourteen hours in enemy territory in one month! That record is as incredible as the man himself.

Scotty says of his exploits about that time, "In a fighter Curtiss Kittyhawk I acted as convoy to bombers in a raid on the big Jap air depot at Hanoi. They bombed it and on the way back I caught a troop column in the rain in a narrow gorge near Mantha. Got about 300 of them. I burned some trucks and then saw an observation plane on the ground. My guns put about 1,000 rounds in it in 30 seconds. It burned, and I have a movie of it. Incidentally, the only time I noticed their antiaircraft fire was while going back to take the pictures. I resolved never to go back again for pictures!"

Before it was disbanded, the AVG came to know Colonel Scott as a superb pursuit pilot, for he joined their sorties on the wing in their formations and burned up the sky with his tracers. Of that indoctrination period Scotty wrote, "There's something wrong with anybody who doesn't like this kind of life. The AVG out here have really done the greatest job of fighting the world has ever seen. More than 300 victories with a loss of 28 ships and nine pilots."

"While I was with them I made my first raid over Hanoi on the Emperor's birthday, and the second on May 5th, when we really hit that place."

"I burned a Jap train north of Haipong. I understand that the AVG may be ordered to duty with me. My boss will be Chennault, the greatest tactical flyer I know of. I will count myself the luckiest man in the world of war and strife if such is the case. General Chennault told me the other day he has plans for us, so here's hoping!"

That is a masterpiece of under-hoping.

Since the formation of the Blank Pursuit Group under Scott, the imperishable record of the valiant Flying Tigers has been stretched to incredible lengths, for many former Tigers are flying with the group. What Scott learned of tactics with the AVG, he put into practice with his own squadrons with the result that the air war over China immediately became one of brightest hope.

The American Air Force at once went on the offensive and hit the Japs time and again. On September 1, the pursuit squadrons rendezvoused over Hengyang, scene of successful air battles the previous month, and proceeded to the objective on the coast, in the straits of Hainan: 10 steamers towing supplies for the Nips, with three small gunboats as escort.

"We split into our groups," says Scotty "each with a target for four planes and hot them as hard and as fast as possible. I saw my tracers eat into the steel side of one of the gunboats. I could see the glow of tracers mixing with the brighter light of heavy and medium antiaircraft coming at me. I held the trigger down until I went right over the smokestack. For the last 100 yards I was right down on the water firing up at the ship. Then out of range, I turned left and hit the next boat. I saw men going over the side; saw some of them hit as I aimed intentionally low, and the ricochettes were going into the hull just as good as the direct hits. I then spotted steam blasting from the boilers in a huge, white cloud.

"Over and over we went, each man making four passes on each boat. On one of them, I spotted an explosion of black smoke from oil, gasoline or the magazine. One boat sank as we made our second pass. The water was crowded with swimming Japs. The AA grew less intense as we shifted our attacks to fore-and-aft. The ships were swept clean and many were sinking. As I made my fourth pass I saw the boat I had first attacked going down. Only its stack and the Jap flag were showing. That flag burned into my soul. I pulled up into the nearest approach to a chandelle I could make in that situation and brought my sights to bear on it. A short burst of six 50's shredded it. I went over and headed for the other three planes in my flight. Over the side I could see the little group of gunboats and seven of the 10 steamers sinking or badly damaged.

"Then my real test began. As I gunned the Allison, I heard a peculiar pop-pop—pop-pop-pop. Mechanically I reached over to ease the throttle back, figuring that I was pulling too much manifold pressure and detonating. But it continued. Then with a skip of my old heart, I looked into the early morning sun com-

ing up out of the Pacific. Oh man! I could see four winking red glowing lights even in that glare. Instinctively I knew they were the cannon of Zeros! My altitude was only 1,000 feet. I couldn't dive, so I suddenly swerved toward the two enemy aircraft, pressing the gun switch even before I brought the nose of my ship to bear. My six guns really spoke. In that reddish sun glare I saw, heard and felt the sharp explosion as my fire hit the leading Zero head on. I went through the debris, feeling parts of the exploded ship hitting me. I could taste the burned oil as I flew through it.

"When I flew away from there at top speed I lost the other Zero. Gee, but the green rice paddies looked good to me as I climbed to the cooling upper air.

"We refueled and struck again; then went on to another airfield to fluster the Japs, and in co-operation with the Chinese ground advance, we bombed one of their best fortified towns. Three missions in one day and five holes in my plane—with one tire flat from a cannon crease and enemy oil all over my windshield—I called it a day. Tex Hill with his squadron had hit sail junks loaded with rice and told of seeing the flames rise and burn the bamboo sails. Frank Schiel hit the coast defenses of the nearby port. Besides, we shot down four certain and two probable!"

That is the Army Air Forces in high gear. Other flights above other cities and ports continued. Meanwhile, Scotty took time out to test gun operation at high altitude and to fly a new fighter over the Himalayas. He actually flew over Mt. Everest at blank feet, from which vantage spot he could see hundreds of miles across the roof of the world, from Tibet and China far out into India.

The Blank Pursuit struck to the south in Indo-China on September 25, bombed Gia-Lam airfield at Hanoi, fired the docks at Haipong, shot down most of the 13 fighters which rose to the attack and damaged the remainder. Over in Burma these Yankee lads had cleared Jap trucks off the Burma Road with fragmentation bombs and strafing. In the Swansi and Hunan regions between Hengyang and Kweilin, they won mastery of the air with at least 50 victories! They hit Canton time after time.

But aerial photographs showed much shipping concentrated at Kowloon and Hong Kong, nesting in the blue waters of Victoria Harbor. Besides, the Japs had repeatedly boasted over the radio from Tokyo and Shanghai that all persons were safe in those former Chinese cities—the Americans could not bomb it. If they tried, bragged the Jap, all U.S. Army planes would be shot down long before they ever reached the Hong Kong area.

Contemptuous, too, were they of Brig. Gen. Caleb V. Haynes, leader of the bomber group: "He's just an old, broken-down transport pilot," they chortled.

Suddenly, however, the Americans did bomb Hong Kong, in the first Allied action since the tragic fall of that city a year previous. Scotty led the fighters. He personally shot down two Japs and damaged four others; his squadrons destroyed 18 confirmed by the enemy themselves. And the fighters hit the intercepting enemy planes so savagely over Victoria Harbor that in two minutes the only planes in the air were our own!

Medium bombers under General Haynes led the assault. Each ship was loaded with 500-pound bombs, and in each bomb bay were thousands of propaganda leaflets saying in three languages, "Compliments of the old, broken-down transport pilot."

Scotty told me the details of this brilliant victory. "I swung the flights over the bombers," he said. "I kept 'S-ing' to see more and to watch for enemy fighters. The air around us roughened from ack-ack. I admired General Haynes as he led his bombers through it all with never a turn that might have crossed up the bombardiers. I knew that Col. "Butch" Morgan, and others like him, was aligning the crosshairs on his Norden bomb-sight.

"The black and white puff balls of ack-ack came closer. Then I saw the bombs growing smaller and smaller as they fell in salvo. I yelled that they were on the way—'Okay, Hirohito! We have millions of others. When these hit we'll be back with more!'"

"On we went across Victoria Harbor and I saw others head for the dry docks and power plants of Hong Kong. Fires showed against the green background of the hills. As the last bombs fell I breathed relief. I raised my movie camera and took pictures of the burning wharve of Kowloon. Then, just as I dropped the camera back in the map case, I saw them . . .

"Knifing up at us were the enemy interceptors. I called over my radio, 'Zeros at 12 o'clock!' Tex Hill answered, 'Hell, I see them!' All flight leaders now called 'Attack!' and the thin falsetto jabber of the Japanese came back to our ears as they tried to jam our frequency. Now Tex Hill rolled over on his back, followed by Captain Hampshire, and barrelled down on the Japs. I pulled out of my roll and caught the first enemy fighter in my sights. I let him fly into my line of tracers, and at that instant Tex flashed by me in his No. 151. His tracers hit the Jap, too, and the Zero fell in flames toward the water near the western tip of Hong Kong.

"I rolled now to shake off any pursuit, and saw Hampshire firing into No. 2 in the flight, so I took No. 3, diving on him from above. I saw pieces of wing covering first, then parts of his canopy strip off. Suddenly he flamed back for 30 feet and as I passed over him he exploded and fell, turning slowly over and over.

"As I climbed back to fighting altitude I saw five flaming planes falling, and I hoped then that they were enemy ships. (They were.) I next looked around to see a long formation of six or eight twin-engined Japs climbing steeply for our bombers.

"I dived for their leader. Once more an enemy plane grew in my sights. As I pressed the trigger I could see the red tracers going into him. His plane seemed to vibrate as the force of those six heavy guns struck. He rolled over slowly, evidently hit. I followed him and caught up with him as if he were standing still. I watched my guns strike again from very close range and the ship bounce at each impact. Flames streaked from first the right engine, then the left, and the Jap hit the sea only 1,000 feet below, skipped across the blue water and continued burning even as he sank.

"Our bombers were safely gone now. Fighters couldn't attack them, but we continued to fire into several to give them something to think about. I know my tracers hit four more. We fought the rear guard action until we were the only planes over Victoria Harbor. The entire action had consumed about two minutes!

"Well we sure gave those big-toothed monkey-men something to worry over that day, for we made two more missions before we were through, and after watching that night's work I'm satisfied that we really have something. Tokyo admitted heavy damage; they had lost 18 fighters in the battle over Hong Kong—we lost none. Best of all about that battle, though, I'll always remember the sight of the prison camps far below—little black dots that were American, British and Chinese prisoners in the corners, looking up at the first sight of Allied aircraft they had seen since the previous December. We could imagine them cheering hoarsely, though they knew full well that they'd be treated miserably for days to come.

"We've dive-bombed the ships in Hong Kong and Kowloon plenty since then, but on this first day I got my seventh and eighth aerial victories."

Scott had to wait patiently, with the patience he had learned from the Chinese themselves, for his No. 9. During October and November the 10th Air Force pulled eight heavy bombing raids escorted by fighters in six days! On the third Canton raid they shot down 24 to

29 Japs without a single loss to themselves. One day they set out with bombers and fighters to the edge of the Pacific. In the afternoon they sunk two big freighters and raised hell with coal production at Hongay. The Jap in retaliation struck that night after all the planes were back home, believing the U.S. pilots exhausted. The Nips circled the town in derision and, diving low, began to machine gun and bomb the runway.

Yankee pilots were far from asleep. Guns chattered, and one U.S. plane went down in flames, but the pilot walked in two hours later. Soon the Japs were in trouble, falling on every side. At first, the Blank Pursuit Group claimed only about three-fourths of them, but then all but one were found wrecked. Two days later that one was discovered by the Chinese 75 miles from Canton!

The following morning on a brilliantly clear day, the Blank Pursuit took off for the Jap base on Sanchau Island, hit it with heavy bombs and knocked out at least three of the four hangars, strafed ships taking off and returned home without a loss.

That same afternoon they dive-bombed the warehouses and plane factories of Canton. The Japs wouldn't come up and fight, and this angered the Americans. So the next morning Scotty's outfit headed for Canton again and bombed Tien Ho airdrome. At least 65 per cent of the building area and many planes were destroyed. Not a single Jap rose to intercept, but the ack-ack was heavy.

That night the lads went wild. They struck to the northeast with dive-bombers and night strafers. Some of them dove so low that they could see the Hankow hangar doors were closed. Intense ack-ack hit all of them, but the sturdy Curtiss Kittyhawks took it. Captain Hampshire shot out three searchlights by diving down on the beams; Johnny Allison strafed a big ocean-going freighter of about 8,000 tons. Others dived their fighters to bomb the docks and warehouses with heavy incendiaries. They left the scene after 22 minutes with many holes in their ships but the Japs had suffered far more, losing face and other parts.

The lads slept from 2 a.m. until 3:30, then went out and alerted the ships. Our bombers came in at dawn and they all took off for an objective just below Hankow. Bombers scored dead hits again and every bomb landed within the city walls, one hotel containing 125 Jap officers being destroyed. Again no interception, which was making the pilots mad.

They refueled, had a bite to eat and took off once more. This time Yoyang

caught it. Bombs registered on warehouses and railroads and again the fighters went down to strafe. Again no interception.

Thanksgiving provided a breather. The following day the boys rose early and took off into the dawn for Canton. Turning, they came in over the target—three big freighters and the docks of the Whangpo.

"I could see the bombers split into four flights," said Scotty, "and I closed up our heavy force of fighters. There were no Jap fighters in the sky. Then suddenly I heard somebody say, 'There's one of the — coming up—you take him, Hamp.'"

"Two ships dived and the Jap exploded. Boy, we had altitude on them this time and that's where we shine. Somebody knocked off another climbing up for the bombers. I saw one climbing steeply for the lead flight and I went to work. There were others coming up from far below. I could also see the smoke rings from their cannon.

"The first square-tipped Zero grew in my sights and, as he closed, I burned him 100 yards from the bombers. I shot down another, but didn't see it burn for I was already busy with another one. Colonel Cooper in the lead bomber confirmed the first one for me later.

"We stayed back there 45 minutes with complete air superiority. They sent up 45 planes from Canton and Kai Tak and we shot down 24 to 28 with many probabilities never confirmed. The Japs again had really lost face.

"I dove on White Cloud airdrome over Tien Ho through the blackest and heaviest ack-ack that I've ever seen. It rocked my ship like a small boat. Down on White Cloud I could see a big plane unloading passengers. I was going so fast I couldn't hold the rudder properly for accurate shooting, so my first burst missed the crowd coming out the door. On my next pass they were gone, but I had slowed down. The ack-ack raised hell all about me, but this time I held my sights on the engines and put about 200 rounds of fifties into the Junkers Ju52 tri-motored transport. On my third pass I'm pretty sure it began to burn, but the dust may have deceived me.

"I shot up a staff car scurrying about the hangar area, and then headed for Kweilin. Holloway shot down a twin-engined fighter 50 miles from the target.

"I landed with little gas and counted the holes. Guess I was skidding too much for the AA but I know the enemy meant to aim well. That afternoon we got everything together for our final raid and watched anxiously for two missing pilots. They soon came straggling in. So

it was 28 to nothing, not counting the probables!

"The next morning we hit Haipong in Indo-China and wrecked two ferry boats with strafing and blew up the dock area. There was no air interception.

"Once more back in Kunming we added up our losses. One pilot and two ships lost, two ships damaged (but they flew again). The Japs had lost between 40 and 50 in the air and I don't know how many on the ground and in bombed and sunk freighters.

"In those six days I had flown 37 hours in combat, had shot down two to four enemy aircraft, and probably destroyed others. Just as an example of what one man can do, a pilot from the Blank unit shot down three confirmed over Canton in one flight!"

The Blank Pursuit Group rolled right along, led by their tireless young colonel. On Christmas Scott went aloft looking for prey but found no Jap air activity. On

the following day he shot down two Jap fighters in honor of the birthday anniversary of the late Capt. Don Brown, USAAF, son of Joe E. Brown the actor. When the comedian heard of this tribute by Scott, tears came to his eyes as he declared, "That is a wonderful gesture. I wish we had more men like Scotty in our Air Force."

Up to the first of January this pursuit group had unleashed its power on the luckless Jap at many strategic points; Yunnan, Kwansi, Hunan, Fukien and Kwangtung are littered with the wrecks of Japanese aircraft shot down by these American air devils. Their probables will never be known, but they run in the hundreds.

Scott's incessant plea is for 500 American pursuit ships for the skies of China. They would clean the Japanese out of the country, he says, and do it in short order.

He should know!

—THE END

## Hill Major Has Unusual Background

*Reprinted from Air Force Times*

HILL AFB, Utah—Maj. Clifford V. Evans Jr., deputy chief of flight operations, has an amazing string of experiences including flying around the world, being captured by the Red Chinese, and writing a novelette.

On the face of it, flying around the world doesn't sound so spectacular. The catch is the major made the flight in a small Piper sports plane.

He and a friend, George Truman, set out in August, 1947, in two single engine Piper Super Cruisers from Teterboro, N.J. Their four-month flight took them 25,000 miles with stops at Greenland, Iceland, Ireland, England, France, Italy, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, China, Japan, Alaska and Canada.

"It was shortly after World War II and things were still unsettled so we dreamed up this trip for something to do," Major Evans said.

"We borrowed the planes from Piper Aircraft, Inc., with the understanding that we could keep them if the trip was successful."

Major Evans and his friend flew in separate planes because the two empty seats were replaced with extra tanks to extend the Super Cruiser's flying from six to 24 hours.

The Piper pilots received international recognition for their flight and were written up in dozens of magazines and newspapers.

After the applause had died, Major Evans, with 600 combat hours in C-47s

in the China-Burma-India Theatre of Operations, took a job with the Civil Air Transports, the airlines started and operated by General Chennault.

While flying for CAT, he was caught in China in 1949 when the Communists took over. He had to remain there for 18 months living from hand to mouth until he persuaded the Communists to give him an exit visa.

"All of the 18 months there weren't bad," said Major Evans. "Although I lost everything I owned, I gained a wife."

In his words, "I met my wife in Shanghai. She was a White Russian born of Jewish and Russian parents and we were married in Israel in the First Baptist Church of Jerusalem."

Between his adventures and coming back on active duty in the Air Force, Major Evans was graduated Magna Cum Laude from St. Mary's University, San Antonio, Tex., but only after attending three other institutions—American University, University of Maryland and University of Wichita.

Since returning to active duty in 1952, he has managed to squeeze into his official schedule such unofficial off-duty activities as teaching Japanese-English at the Japanese Atomic Energy Institute, Mito, Japan, and writing a 20,000-word story about present-day Shanghai.

**PLAN NOW TO ATTEND  
1965 CBI REUNION**

**EX-CBI ROUNDUP**



POSING by sign at Lalmanirhat Junction are John E. Finn (left) and Emil Gorsha.

#### The Other End

● In your January issue you had a picture of Lalmanirhat Junction... here's a picture of the other end of that station. I was stationed at Lalmanirhat with the 725th Railway Operating Battalion during the Second World War. There were five railway battalions in India, sending supplies to Burma and China.

JOHN E. FINN,  
St. Peter, Minn.

#### Miss Chinatown U.S.A.

● He was known to hundreds of G. I. friends throughout the CBI as "Y.P." Tom. His various air services record started during 1934 at the Hangchow Air Academy in China. He was tutored by the then Capt. Claire Chennault in pursuit tactics at the academy. During 1940-41 he was liaison officer for Chennault's Flying Tigers at Kunming; later transferred to the new 14th Air Force 375th Squadron, 308th Heavy Bomb Group, under Col. Hank Brady. He flew 125 missions to all parts of Asia; piloted a Liberator credited with sinking five ships in a Japanese convoy in a single

day. Now residents of New York, Yuen P. Tom and his wife are parents of four children. During the recent Gung Hay Fat Choy celebration in San Francisco's Chinatown their 17-year-old daughter Mary Tom, competing in a field of 16 contestants, was selected to reign over the Year of the Serpent as "Miss Chinatown U.S.A." Contestants came from all sections of the United States and the Pacific areas. Mary owes her title to a twisted ankle. Handicapped by it, she gave up her planned Spanish dance in favor of a recital

of Chopin. Translated from Mandarin, Mary's Chinese name is Yalen, meaning "The Delicate." A delicate performance in delicate Chinese dress, the gracious and beautiful young lady was outstanding in every respect. Our CBI friend, "Y. P." Tom is a rightfully proud father this Chinese Lunar Year 4663.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,  
San Francisco, Calif.

#### War Crimes Trials

● Would enjoy hearing from any of the members of the Commission for the war crimes trials held in Shanghai, China, in February and March, 1946, or anyone else that remembers me during our Shanghai tour of duty. I must add that I enjoy your magazine and look forward to receiving each issue. You are doing a magnificent job.

HARRY M. MANSEY,  
Colonel (USA-Ret.),  
Trenton, N.J.

#### 14th Air Force

● Two former members of the 14th Air Force in China are among the recent CBI deaths. Charles M. Gordon of Jackson, Miss., who was with the 322nd Troop Carrier Squadron, and William L. Appleford of Los Angeles, Calif., who served with the 373rd Bomb Squadron, both died in November, 1964.

ARTHUR MARTIN,  
Los Angeles, Calif.



U.S. OFFICER tries his hand at camel driving at Karachi in January 1945. Photo by A. W. Freshman, M.D.

## Commander's Message

by

**Douglas J. Runk**

National Commander  
China-Burma-India  
Veterans Assn.



Our invitation to attend the Chinese New Year Celebration was looked forward to with great anticipation. Kitty and I traveled to San Francisco via Las Vegas and, needless to say, we had a big time.

Arriving in San Francisco, we were met by the very congenial Syd Wilson, Junior Vice Commander West. He was our official chauffeur and I must say the best. Arriving at the Hilton Hotel, we were met by Sales Manager Bill Hawes, our long-time Houston friend, and he and his staff rolled out the Red Carpet. Members of the San Francisco Basha on hand to greet us were General George Sliney, Col. Lee Harris, Ray Kirkpatrick, Joel Springer Jr., Bob Van Sant, Lee Appel and Gene Golebic.

Saturday morning, after a quick shopping spree in Chinatown, we were met by Syd Wilson and he gave us the grand tour of San Francisco, over the Golden Gate Bridge and north into many towns on the other side of the Bay. On this trip we had an opportunity to visit a wine tasting shop, and this was most interesting and prepared us for the cool parade weather. Lunched at "The Dock" overlooking a harbor of sailing vessels. From there we traveled back to San Francisco via Oakland, grabbed our costumes and headed for the Sutter Hotel to prepare for the parade.

Mae Bissell was on hand to see that everyone was getting dressed and had the needed refreshments to endure the weather. After everyone was costumed we proceeded to the parade area.

This, my friends, no one could ever put

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—Eds.

into words—the gigantic, colorful, spectacular event like I have never seen before. The year 4663 is the Year of the Serpent in Chinese lore. The highlight of the parade was the huge dancing dragon which slithered along the parade route on 120 human legs. On a red and gold float of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce was the throne for Miss Chinatown U.S.A., Mary Tom. Mary's father, Yuen P. Tom, was known to hundreds of GI friends throughout the CBI as "Y. P." Tom. There were 155 units in the parade and we were 67th and walked about 2½ miles. Everytime Kitty tells this she adds five miles, the last time I heard her tell it, she walked FORTY-FIVE miles. More than 300,000 people lined both sides of the street and Chinatown was crammed, not even standing room. Only the Chinese groups were permitted through Chinatown and we were fortunate to be included in this unit. I wish it possible for each CBIVA member to attend one of these celebrations.

After the parade we gathered back at the Sutter for refreshments and discussion of the event. The General George Sliney Basha did not win a prize this year; however, they deserve recognition for an outstanding performance. About 25 members participated and I think they were great!

SUNDAY Mae Bissell, Ila Kidd and Pop Steele (from San Diego) visited with us until time for luncheon at the Golden Pavilion where about 50 members of the Basha were in attendance. CBI member, George Chow, is owner of this nice restaurant and is to be complimented on the Chinese food served. It was our privilege to have the opportunity to meet with this fine group. The enthusiasm of this group is tremendous and is an excellent example of CBI fellowship. After the luncheon we went on another sightseeing trip to Coit Tower, overlooking the entire Bay, and it was beautiful. Later in the evening we met the Springers and Gene Golebic and returned to Chinatown for another delicious meal at the Golden Pavilion.

We arrived home on Monday, tired but happy, with fond memories of a most wonderful week-end. My sincere thanks to the Hilton Hotel for their many courtesies, to General George Sliney Basha for their hospitality. Special thanks to Ray Kirkpatrick, Syd Wilson, Joel Springer and Mae Bissell for their kindness in seeing that we were entertained every minute of the day. It was a privilege to be on hand to help ring in the Year of the Serpent!

Important correction—dates for Eighteenth Annual Reunion are August 4, 5, 6 & 7, 1965, Shamrock Hilton Hotel, Houston, Texas. A REUNION YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS!



BRITISH soldier having teeth checked by an Indian dentist at Dibrugahr, Assam. Work was done in an outdoor "office." Photo by C. J. Sloanaker.

#### Joint Communique

● We are interested in whereabouts and activities of former associates of the CBI. "We" are: Capt. Hoyt Hager Jr., former squadron navigator, Second Troop Carrier Squadron, Dinjan, Assam, India, and Shingbwyang, Burma, and prior to that first sergeant Troop C, 124th Cavalry, on Ledo Road. First Lt. Albert (NMI) White, 9th Bomb Squadron, Seventh Group, Pandavaswar, India. We office in the Henson Building, Weslaco, Tex. Nearby are Lt. Howard Sparrow of B-29's, and Sgt. Sidney Hooper. Al White particularly wants to hear from Dick Wade or Bob McKissack.  
AL WHITE & HOYT HAGER, Weslaco, Tex.

#### Idea for Reunions

● Our recent dinner meeting in Chinatown was better attended than usual due to a happy idea suggested by Kenneth Fatton of Hastings-on-the-Hudson, New York. It appears that his unit, the 31st Heavy Signal Construction Bn., was about to have its first reunion in

20 years and it seemed like a good idea to tie it in with the meeting of the New York Basha. Well, it proved to be a splendid idea and a goodly group came down and swelled our ranks and each other with good Chinese food and some liquid refreshments. The combination of the dinner and short meeting was very much enjoyed by all, many of whom have not seen each other

since leaving the CBI. We certainly appreciate Kenneth's thought and hope that the publication of this little item will encourage other units to tie in their reunions with their local Basha meetings.

JOHN J. GUSSAK,  
New York, N.Y.

#### Has Every Issue

● Just checked and found that I have every issue since (and including) September 1948, which was Vol. 2, No. 4. In checking, I did a little reviewing, and a little reminiscing. Why can't Roundup again start the column. "It Happened in CBI"? Noticed the original subscription rate was \$1.00 a year. However, Roundup was always published quarterly. Therefore, no inflationary prices are in effect today on Roundup—with the current \$3.00 a year. Am always looking for news from someone who was stationed at the Southern India Air Depot at Bangalore. Keep up the excellent work.

BILL WEIX,  
New Berlin, Wis.

*We'd be happy to publish "It Happened in CBI" if we could be sure of getting enough material for it. We ran out of material!*



CARRIAGE with appearance of an old stagecoach, used at Dibrugahr, Assam. Photo by C. J. Sloanaker.

# A New CBI Book

Written by a  
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Every CBI veteran should read this new book!



Lt. Col. William Boyd Sinclair is well known to Roundup readers . . . for many years he edited the Book Review section in this magazine. He is a former editor of the original CBI Roundup, newspaper of the U.S. Forces in CBI, and also was with the 12th Air Service Group, 14th Air Force.

Boyd Sinclair has written a number of magazine articles about World War II in the CBI area, and many of them have appeared in Roundup. He now lives in Austin, Tex., where he is Chief Administrative Officer for Texas Selective Service.



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